

Contributed

OUR BRIGHTSIDE LETTER.

The Land of Cotton.

When you go South for the winter months, it will be well to go to the centre first; and you will find it at the meeting of the ways, the crossing of many iron roads. Terminus—Marthasville—ATLANTA. That is the story of the Central City, and marks a progress that is wonderful. From the western hills, under the promotion of Alexander Stephens, a State railroad came to an end here, and the point was called Terminus, and that was all that it was. When a village, it was called Marthasville, with simplicity itself and without ambition. Two iron roads, from Augusta and from Macon, came up to meet it and the town came to itself with a fine name, Atlanta. And it grew and it grew. The State Capitol came to it from old Milledgeville. Trade came and bought and sold cotton. Wealth came and built banks. Peach-tree street bloomed into an avenue of mansions. Skyscrapers went up into the clouds. "The Atlanta Spirit" took possession, and here it is, a great city, 140,000 strong within the city limits, and other thousands in suburbs all around—and no limits to the ambition.

It is the prosperous and growing Capital of a great State. When we first came to Georgia, two or three years ago, we came rightly to the Savannah on the coast, where Georgia had its beginning, romantic and profoundly interesting. We learned all about the good Oglethorpe and his Indian friend, and John Wesley and his courtship, and Charles Wesley and his first hymns, and Whitfield and his orphanage. We ate fish at Thunderbolt on the shore, and saw Judge Emory Speer in the trial of Gaylor and Green, and wandered among the draping mosses of Buenaventura.

Now we are not in the colony, but far up in the State, at the climax of its history and its present-day prosperity. If you are bent on knowing the history of Georgia, there can be no more direct, nor charming way than to read Mr. Lucian Knight's two volumes, "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians," and then go browsing about in the Georgia collection in the attractive Carnegie Library. And famous Georgians are a great company, statesmen, orators, editors, judges, soldiers. Nowadays the famous Georgians are captains of industry, financiers, aggressive and constructive, leading their State in rapid material development.

The surest way to learn history is to read biography. One does not know well either Georgia or the history of the United States who does not know about Crawford and John Forsyth and Berrien and Ben Hill; about Stephens and Governor Joe Brown and Yancey and Toombs. What a splendid gift of oratory came to these great leaders and many others? Brilliant, compelling, often florid speakers, at the Georgia hustings

and in the halls of Congress and Legislature, were generations of these men. And they came often in families, Crawfords, Cobbs, Stephens, Browns. Humor has never failed to prove these people sane; witness old Judge Longstreet and "Georgia Scenes," Bill Arp and his letters, and Harris and his Uncle Remus stories. Poetry too has a number of illustrious names, and none more than that of Sidney Lanier. Read "The Marshes of Glynn," and breathe "the air that never was on sea or land." More and more it is seen that Lanier, after a short and troubled life is securely among the immortals of this world.

Read well the short story of Henry Grady, and go down town and see the fine monument that keeps the memory of his rare gifts, of pen and tongue, of oratory and humor, and of high appeal to the young men of the South. Read of the Confederacy, of Lee and Jackson, and go to the Capitol grounds and see the equestrian monument of their friend and comrade, who grew stronger and more effective all the way to Appomattox, John B. Gordon.

Great scientists were the Le Contes, John and Joseph, who knew well all that science could teach them, and yet looked beyond and looked above, believing the earthly things that nature revealed and yet believing the more the heavenly things that God revealed in His Word. Of all the names which Georgia has written on her roll of fame no doubt not one has given the world so great a benefaction as Dr. Crawford Long, who discovered the use of ether in surgery, to which Oliver Wendell Holmes gave the name of Anaesthesia.

We have found Mr. Knight's volume a charming introduction to the host of Georgia worthies, and feel that we have been in the company of men of rare and brilliant gifts; independent, patriotic, courteous gentlemen. It was a gratification to learn how many of them had the highest adornment of a devout religious spirit, and how few there were who were irreligious or irreverent. J. P. S.

IN A MILL TOWN.

(An esteemed Christian woman from Virginia is doing mission work with an industrial school in one of the cotton mill towns in the South. Her letter gives an interesting account of the conditions around her and the work she is trying to do.)

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have had to read our Presbyterian second hand, for I was in debt when I came here and have had to board ever since I came. My mother sends it to me, and I still pin my faith to it, though the pastor of our church at Aiken gives me two other papers, second hand.

There are things here I wish you to know. I arrived here the middle of June, and as I looked about at the fine trees, lovely vines and flowers, I exclaimed, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places!"

While waiting for a car, I met the old-

est mill hand. She said, "Come the 22nd of July, I will be seventy-six. The first of July, 1849, I began work in the weave room in the old mill. They did not like to take girls under sixteen, so I done my best, and have been doing it ever since."

Her name is Miss Eliza Simms. She is very highly thought of by all classes and ages. Some one said: "Can't nobody say a word agin Miss Liza Simms." She has lived in the same house for over fifty years, has good, substantial furniture and some dishes, valuable on account of their age. She was very fond of reading until her eyesight failed; now she is crippled with rheumatism in one knee, but says if it gets well she will work again. She does not enjoy the usual old woman's work—knitting; says it is too small and slow. She is a devoted Christian and has saved over three thousand dollars. This case goes to show that all mill work is not injurious.

The company gave us two cottages and connected them with a long porch. They are freshly painted on the inside. The First and Second Churches in Charleston, S. C., and the church in Columbia furnished a bed-room each, complete. The church in Aiken furnished a dining room, and other churches and persons furnished a sitting-room, school-room and kitchen. I furnished my own room with things from my old home in Virginia. I have my grandfather's tall mantel clock, and my father's sword and epaulets on the wall. There are many old soldiers among the mill men.

You can imagine how I feel when asked if I am from the North. I answered that question yesterday: "I am from Richmond," and put as much fire into my answer as any of you could have done. I came here from your city. I thought my questioner might know where Richmond was. They seem to think that one had to be from the North to be willing to work with the mill people. My people here are just fine. They have good houses, yards and gardens. Some have lived in the same houses for three generations. They have flowers that would make you almost envious. I can size up a family now by their flowers and front yards. Many have large pits, in which they keep their handsomest plants.

They are very hospitable. I have never received any but the most courteous treatment, even in the plainest homes. They are hungry for real friendship. They have no real religious life—have been starved along that line. They care almost nothing for going to church, and few go. They give as most frequent excuses, "All come home on Sunday," or "We go home on Sunday." Since I came here I think I notice more interest shown by the Methodist minister. He came here in May. Most of the people are Baptists, but dozens have not joined here.

All summer I have been waiting for teachers and a nurse to join me in this work. It seems our people are not willing to work near home, where they can